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CITY

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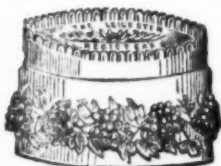
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THE L. P. P.



THE L. P. P.

IT is scarcely needful to say that this refers to the (now celebrated) Leicester Pork Pies (registered). Perhaps no advertisements of late have come more directly under public notice than those pertaining to the above. Inquiries have poured in from all parts of the British Islands, followed by orders for these goods; the consequence is a continually increasing demand for the L. P. P. The makers have taken care to back up their notices by an article that cannot be surpassed for quality, at the same time recommending the retailers to supply the public at very reasonable prices. Messrs. V., C., and D. have found it necessary to remove to much larger premises. They have just commenced making at the new works, Spence Street, where they have every facility for doing a most extensive trade, aided by the best machinery for the various purposes required.

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FANCY GOODS WAREHOUSEMEN,
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WHERE AN EARLY VISIT IS SOLICITED.

"He who pays no attention to his Teeth, by this single neglect betrays vulgar sentiments."—*Lavater.*



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Is a concentrated Mouth Wash, 10 to 20 drops of which, with half a wine glassful of water, used daily, constitutes a most efficacious means for preserving the Teeth from decay—for arresting decay where it has commenced—for purifying the Breath, and for producing in the Mouth a sense of wholesome freshness. Used habitually, CONTRA-SEPTINE is a sure preventative of Neuralgia and Toothache, and as such should be employed both by old and young. In short, CONTRA-SEPTINE is at once a luxury and a necessity to the completely furnished Toilet Table.

Cases 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. each. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere.

SELECT TESTIMONIALS.

Rev. Dr. Holden, D.D., Durham, writes:—

"I continue to use Contra-Septine with great satisfaction. . . . It is the most efficient and agreeable wash that I have ever used."

"Dr. —, Edinburgh, with compliments to the proprietors of Contra-Septine, has tried and recommended to others the use of the Contra-Septine. The proprietors, however, must excuse him not allowing his name to be used in reference to it on advertisements, &c."

An Eminent Dentist, under date October 23, 1877, writes:—

"I have used Contra-Septine several times, and find it a very efficacious preparation, a powerful astringent, and well calculated to induce a healthy action of the gums, especially when disturbance is caused by decayed or diseased teeth."

W. Bownman Macleod, Edinburgh, writes:—

"Before receiving your sample, I had directed my attention to your Contra-Septine, and had formed a decidedly favourable opinion of it. It is the most agreeable carbol preparation I know, and a thoroughly good dentifrice. It is of special use where artificial teeth are worn above natural roots, and also as a Mouth Wash for children who suffer from alveolar abscesses—popularly known as gum-boils."

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New Premises Corner of High Street, and Thomas Street,
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Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes, &c.; Electro-plated Tea and Coffee Services, Cruets, Forks, Spoons, &c. Gold and Silver Watches, 9, 15, and 18-carat Hall-marked Alberts; and a General Stock to suit the requirements of the Trade.

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L. SMITH & CO. have just Purchased a Large Lot of these Articles at very Low Prices, and are offering them at 2/3, 3/3, 4/3, 6/3, 7/3, 8/3, 12/3, 14/3, & 30/- per pair.—6, JOHN DALTON STREET, MANCHESTER.

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COURT GLOVER,
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IS NOW SHOWING THE LATEST
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PARIS, LONDON, LIVERPOOL, NEW YORK, AND PHILADELPHIA.
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Card of Samples of Colours and Price List of Gloves sent post free on application.

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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

Vol. III.—No. 135.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

DOMESTIC PAPERS.—No. III.

[BY A FAMILY MAN.]

GOOD morning! my dear young friend. This then is the appointed day for which you have been waiting and watching these three years past. This is the day upon which you bid adieu for ever to the free, joyous life of a bachelor, and take upon yourself the carking care which appertains to the married state. Ah, well, you'll only regret it once, and that will be always. But now it is high time for you to dress for occasion. Dear me, you are going to be a swell to be sure; but the expense of this toggery is mere waste, for no one ever thinks of looking at the bridegroom on these occasions. All their attention and sympathy is monopolised by the bride, not by the bridegroom, who wants it most. You wonder what Angelina's doing now? Why, of course, she and her mother and sisters are having a good cry in the dressing room, and very soon the maids will come up, and then they'll all have another good cry together. The old lady and Angelina's sisters are explaining to the poor fellow how dreadfully sorry they are to lose her, just as though mamma was not glad to get her off her hands, and as if the other girls didn't think their chances would be improved now Angy's out of the way. What papa is doing I don't know, but probably he's thinking what a miserable young fool you are to go and saddle yourself for life with somebody else's child. However, get on with your dressing, and don't waste any more time in trying to make those twelve little curls of down on your upper lip appear like a moustache. There that will do; you are now the perfect picture of a lamb, or rather of a sheep, which is going to be led to the slaughter. And now let me give you a few hints about the way to manage yourself during the forthcoming trial. In the first place don't try to look as if you knew all about it and had done this sort of thing before. If you do you will simply succeed in making yourself appear more idiotic than you already do. What you ought to do is to look as compassionately as you can on your groomsmen. This will make the people think that he is the "happy" man, and turn the laugh against him until the secret can no longer be kept. Then again when the parson asks you for the ring, don't fumble about for it as if you were looking for a needle in a bundle of hay, but have it ready beforehand. Yet stay, there's another chance for you. Suppose you were to leave the ring at home. The ceremony will only take place just before twelve o'clock. Then when you're asked for the ring you can discover that you have forgotten it, and, as you cannot be married without the ring, the marriage would have to be postponed till next day, unless some officious female should offer hers. If the affair had thus been postponed in consequence of your forgetfulness, you may be sure that papa would kick up a devil of a row. You can then get your blood up; bully him a bit; and at last call him an old fool, and there you have the engagement broken as sure as fate, so that you would regain the freedom which you are now on the point of sacrificing. You won't try that plan? Well, I don't expect you would. No fool like a young fool; but I thought I'd give you the chance. Again, when the ceremony is just on the point of concluding, you will observe all the females begin to weep profusely. You, however, are not supposed to join in, though you no doubt will feel as if you could do so, and would certainly have much greater cause than they. Still, it is not necessary for you to make any remarks on this feminine proceeding, unless you should choose to call out, "Why these crocodile's eyes!" which would be perfectly appropriate and an exceedingly just comment on their exhibition. This would immediately bring them to, and make them all call you a brute. When a man has got the reputation amongst his female acquaintances of being a brute, it saves him a world of trouble and expense. Nobody will ask him to go and spend money at theazaar for providing the parson with a new set of tea-things, because

he is a brute. Nobody will pester him for subscriptions to Doreas societies, because he is a brute. His mother-in-law will modify her plan of coming to stop with him for a month or two, on account of the discovery that he is a brute. In fact, I calculate that the reputation I have of being a most egregious brute saves me at least a hundred a year, so you will easily see the advantage. However, we will suppose you have got out of the church and home to the wedding breakfast. It is here you are more likely than anywhere else to show what a fool you really are, because you are expected to make a speech when they propose yours and Angelina's health. If you would take my advice you would decline to say anything at all; but, if you think you must, just tell the company plainly that you think they are a set of drunken thieves, and boldly assert that papa and mamma ought to be exceedingly grateful to you for taking one of their brood off their hands. This forcible expression of your sentiments will probably cause some astonishment, but it will show that you are a person of great decision of character, and not to be trifled with. If this is not enough, throw something at the parson, and offer to go down to the back yard and polish him off in two minutes and a quarter. If he declines, you can call him a wretched old mountebank, which will probably annoy him. These, I admit, are not the ordinary usages of society, especially upon these occasions; but I am now showing you a method by which, at the expense of some slight social prestige, you will rid yourself once for all of more than half the manifold irritants which trouble the life of a newly married man. But let us pass on. When you have left the house you will, of course, go to the railway station to start for the wedding trip to Southport. Now, Angelina will probably expect to travel first-class, and, therefore, to show her that you are determined to begin economically, you had better immediately take two third-class tickets. If she objects ask her if she would prefer to travel in a cattle truck. She no doubt will manifest a tendency to cry, whereupon you can threaten not to go at all, which will soon bring her round. And now I think I have given you as much advice as you are likely to remember, though I am afraid your asinine idea of propriety will not allow you to act upon it. So now, bye-bye. I'll call next week when you come back and see how you are getting on, that is if you don't destroy yourself by jumping off the pier at Southport, as I, finally, would strongly advise you to do, my ridiculously verdant young friend.

MIND YOUR H's.

[RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO JAMES CROSTON, ESQ., J.P.]

KNOWING the difficulty which Mr. Croston has with his H's, we think it well to reproduce in our columns, for his edification, the following petition and answer setting forth the wrongs and the rights of this troublesome, though much-abused, letter of the alphabet:—

PITEOUS PETITION.

Whereas I have by you been driven
From house, from home, from hope, from heaven,
And placed by your most learn'd society
In exile, anguish, and anxiety,
And used without one just pretence
With arrogance and insolence;
I here demand full restitution,
And beg you'll mend your elocution.

'ARROWING HANSWER.

Whereas we've rescued you, ingrate,
From handcuff, horror, and from hate,
From hell, from horsepond, and from halter,
And consecrated you in altar,
And placed you where you ne'er should be,
In honour and in honesty;
We deem your prayer a rude intrusion,
And will not mend our elocution.

OTHAM'S WORM CAKES

(Manufactured by Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

BONNYLAD: HIS READING OF NATURE'S LAWS.

[BY CLIO.]

SHAKESPEARE, in *Twelfth Night*, makes one of the characters say: "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them;" and every day's experience shows us that he might as truly have said: "Some are born mistaken, some achieve mistakes, and some have mistakes thrust upon them."

These mistakes are of different kinds. Some are the natural outcome of original stupidity; others are committed during fits of absence, or pre-occupation of mind; while others result from the peculiar organisation of the individual, who appears to be incapable, in a varying degree, of complex thought, or, in other words, fails to see that two and two are four in the events of his daily life.

The annals of psychology contain many curious instances of absence of mind, principally in persons whose lives, for the greater part, were devoted exclusively to one object which demanded all their power of mind and soul. It is related of one of our great painters—Moreland, we believe—that at one time he had a favourite cat, which spent most of its time in its master's studio, and that his feline companion might go out and come in at any time without let or hindrance, the painter had a hole cut in the bottom of the door. In due course the cat had issue in the person of a kitten, and as the master was not inclined towards kittenicide it grew up apace, and no doubt was a great comfort to its mother in the evening of her life. One day, some time after the new arrival, one of the painter's friends called on him, and seeing another hole in the door rather smaller than the first asked the reason for the second hole, when the painter answered: "Well, you see the large hole is for the cat, and the smaller one for the kitten." "Why," replied his astonished friend, "couldn't the kitten go through the first hole as well as its mother?" "Why—yes—and so it could; but I never thought of that," said the painter, who now for the first time saw what a blunder he had made. But such instances, as we have said, are confined to persons of a finer than average organisation, whose forgetfulness is a natural sequence of a long-continued concentration of thought in one direction.

Widely different is another class of mistakes with which we are all more or less acquainted, and which are not perpetrated, like those we have been speaking of, in periods of suspension of thought, but are rather the deliberate fruit of what we may call singleness of thought; and the number of persons we meet in the world who are thus afflicted is truly astonishing. These thoughts have been suggested by the recollection of the following incidents, which the reader is assured are perfectly true.

The hero of our sketch rejoiced in the cognomen of Bonnylad, but how, when, or why this name was given him we know not, and history is silent on the point; but with regard to the "why," we should imagine that his excessive ugliness had something to do with it. Bonnylad has passed from boyhood to manhood, and in truth to a ripe old age; and, for aught we know to the contrary, he always did his work to the satisfaction of his employers. But, outside the daily round of work, he has displayed a curious want of what lexicographers call ratiocination, and has crowded more mistakes into fifty years than any man we ever knew or heard of.

While yet a child he did some curious things, but we have only space to notice one or two, and they will suffice to indicate Bonnylad's weakness. He was once sent to a neighbouring farmhouse for milk, and the farmer's wife being busy at the moment she told Bonnylad to fill his can from a basin which stood on the table. After filling his can, Bonnylad found that there was still some milk in the basin, and he began to press, as he thought, the milk down into the can with his hands. As the intelligent reader will surmise, as much milk as was displaced by Bonny's hands ran out of the can, but as often as this happened he put more in from the basin, and had just emptied that vessel when the farmer's wife came in and very naturally asked Bonnylad what he was doing. "Oh," replied he, "I'm squeezin' th' milk down to mak' it howd moore. See yo', I've g'tten it o in but what's upo' th' floor." Bonnylad evidently believed that as other bodies could be compressed into less space than they originally filled, milk either did, or ought to, come under the same rule. Whether his views on this subject ever underwent any modification is not known to the writer.

On another occasion he was sent to the grocer's shop for a certain article, and on the way he, boy like, picked up a companion, who went with him on his errand. On their arrival at the shop, Bonnylad sang out: "I want—I want—some—some—dang it! I've forgotten what it wur hoo

said." "What is it, thinks ta, Bonny?" asked the old lady who ran the shop. "Nay, yo' should know, yo' sell it," replied Bonnylad. "Is it soap, thinks ta?" "Yer thee, Cocky," said Bonnylad, turning to his companion; "soap, an' my mother washed yesterday!" "Well, is—it candles?" "Yer thee, Cocky; candles at dayleet!" "Does thean want some butter, thinks onybody?" "Butter!" cried Bonnylad, "what, for a haupenny? Not I." "Oh," said the groceress, "has thean nobber a haupenny? Weel;" and looking over her stock to see what she had at "a haupenny," she said, "It's happen sand thean wants?" "Weel, I'll be consarned," exclaimed Bonnylad; and turning—with an expression of disgust finely developed on his turned-up nose—to his companion, he said, "Did thean yer that, Cocky? Sand, to put in a porato pie!" "Oh, it's to put in a porato pie, is it?" said old Sally; "it conno' be mustard, so it mun be oather saut or pepper." "Heigh, it's pepper, I believe," replied Bonnylad; "but yo' are a bonny shopkeeper not to know what folk want when they come in;" and with this parting shot he picked up his pepper and left the shop.

Somewhere about this time, or it might be some other time, Bonnylad thought he would keep a few poultry, and having converted a large sugar-cask into a hencote he bought six fowls of varying ages, also of varying breeds—in fact, the original stock had been crossed so often that by this time they had some of the "points" of everything that ever wore feathers except a good hen. These hens were generated by an ancient rooster, which could not truthfully have said, had it been endowed with speech, what Jacob said to Pharaoh when that potentate asked him his age, "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been." Besides the hens there were also a few ducks, and they were a source of much tribulation to Bonnylad, for, contrary to every precedent, they would not roost. He put them on the perch at early morn, and often, too, at dewy eve, but it was of no avail—they insisted on falling off again. Bonnylad had certainly never seen a duck perch, but he knew that hens did so, and he could see no reason why their cousins should not do so too. Believing that the early education of his ducks had been sadly neglected, he determined to bring them back into the path of rectitude; and with this end in view he procured some pitch, and, without asking how they would appreciate such treatment, fastened their feet to the perch and left them until morning, fully convinced that they would remember the lesson to the end of their lives. There is presumptive evidence that they did so, but unfortunately that end proved to be much nearer than Bonnylad anticipated. The ducks, hurt at the evident want of confidence on Bonnylad's part, took the matter to heart, and when the cote door was opened the following morning four heads hung down in sorrow and death; and of them it might truly be said, "They had passed away for ever, and the snails would know them no more."

Every man has a hobby of some sort, and Bonnylad had one. He was a sportsman. Some men love to roam o'er the "deep, deep sea," and snare the tiny whale or the playful shark; but Bonnylad—like his anti-type, good old Izaak Walton—preferred the bank of some laughing, dancing stream, where he could hold undisturbed communion with Nature, and tempt the speckled trout, or, better still, the savage pike, with the humble worm or the gaudy fly. Some men, finding sport at home stale, flat, and unprofitable, go to hunt the buffalo on the American prairies, the lion and the elephant in the African forest, or it may be the denizens of the Indian jungle; but Bonnylad liked best to follow the hounds as they fearlessly followed the timid hare to its "seat," or see the panting greyhounds slipped from the leash to hunt the bold rabbit.

Whether the cynic's definition of an angler—"A rod with a worm at one end and a fool at the other"—be true of the class, or whether such a definition would be true of Bonnylad, the reader can settle as he likes, but one or two incidents seem to favour the latter supposition. For instance, on one occasion, as he was enjoying his evening's "bitters" at the Lion, two men in the same room began to talk about fishing, and quite a breeze was got up directly by a difference of opinion with regard to bait. One of the two insisted that there was nothing like vegetable marrow for fresh-water fish, while his companion ridiculed the idea. In this view of the matter he was backed by our hero, but he was soon told by the vegetable marrow chap that he knew nothing about fishing, and had never seen a "marrow" in his life. But Bonny was not to be put down by a stranger, and though, for aught he knew to the contrary, vegetable marrow might be another name for ourang-outang, he said it was a small grub worm, and the marrowtarian gave up at once. Now, Bonnylad was much satisfied about this new bait, so on the first occasion he had for bait he went to the druggist, and asked for "three penn'orth o' vegetable marrow."

G. L. DARBY,

Practical Umbrella Manufacturer, 55, Oxford Street, and 6, Stratford Road. Umbrellas Re-covered. Umbrellas Repaired. Umbrellas Made to Order. All work done on our own Premises, at the shortest notice, by Practical Workpeople.

but that luminary sent him to the greengrocer's, where Bonny repeated his order, and he marvelled greatly when something like a very much overgrown turnip was shown him. The marrow was purchased and carried to a quiet spot where the festive trout was known to gather on sunny mornings, and after being cut up into small pieces was submitted to the fishes' consideration. They looked at it, smelled at it, and one old stager—probably a board of health officer—tasted it, but either his verdict was adverse or he could not overcome the prejudice of the others, for the marrow fell dead in the market, and Bonnylad walked sorrowfully away with a vague impression that the vegetable marrow was no good as a "persuader," as it evidently failed to appeal to the fishes' appetite.

As we have intimated before, Bonnylad dearly loved to see either the beagle or the greyhound in their natural element. He could not have a pack of the former to serve his pleasure, but there was no law to prevent him having one of the latter, and consequently we find him owning a long-legged, long-tailed, long-everythinged animal, which he fondly hoped would prove to be a greyhound, and fit to catch a rabbit. In the district where Bonny lived, coursing, during the season, was much indulged in, and great pride was taken in the dogs by their owners and backers, and great care was taken to keep them in good order. Now, Bonnylad entertained an idea that the prevalent mode of training these dogs was radically wrong, and it was to demonstrate this to the satisfaction of the world that he got a dog to be trained under his own eyes and in his own way. How he fed it, what he did to it for several weeks before the last final test of its powers, is not known; but at the end of five or six weeks Bonnylad concluded it would not be amiss to see how it could run, and whether it would kill a rabbit or not. He accordingly procured a rabbit, and as there was no other place where he could try the experiment without attracting notice, he fixed on the cellar of his house for the "course." Everything being in readiness and the course clear, Bonnylad set the rabbit at liberty, and to fully test Gelert's running abilities he gave the rabbit a start of sixteen times round the cellar. When, after much persuasion with a stick, the rabbit had accomplished this distance, Bonny released his dog, and—talk about running!—in less time than it takes to tell it the rabbit had handed in its checks. But somehow Bonnylad could not believe that the dog had gone sixteen times round before he went for that rabbit; still he had caught it, there could be no mistake about that. But—well, it was no use trying to understand it, and whether the dog did the distance in the time Bonny never knew; but then, as he says, if it didn't, how did it catch the rabbit? And as the latter was dead, and Gelert was not to be relied on as an impartial witness, the question has remained a mystery to this day.

GENUINE GOODNESS.

PEOPLE needn't be at a loss for anything now-a-days, for the world is full of men and women whose goodness of nature prompts them to toil for others. For example, is the reader going to the Paris Exhibition? Well, let him just put himself into communication with Mr. —, the well-known English "manufacturer," who, it appears, has lately crossed the channel for the express purpose of making English visitors comfortable. Mr. — is distributing a notice throughout England in which he "wishes to inform his friends and the public who intend visiting the Paris Exhibition, that he is now in Paris assisting the English visitors as Guide and Interpreter. He having passed several years of his life in Paris, is perfectly conversant with the language, is at home with the people, and familiar with every place of beauty and interest to the visitors in and near Paris. Parties who have but a limited time at their disposal, and desire to see all that is worth seeing in and around Paris, will do well to engage his services as guide and interpreter, for by so doing much loss of time, great inconvenience, trouble, and expense will be spared, and will render [poor Lindley Murray!] their visit pleasant, easy, and comfortable. If intending visitors will kindly communicate with him at the above address, stating time of their arrival, number of persons, and other particulars, respecting class of hotel, with or without board, and number of rooms required, &c., &c. Mr. — will meet those who require his services, on their arrival at the railway station in Paris, and secure comfortable and reasonable hotel or apartments. In all cases giving as much notice as possible, as Paris is expected to be full to overflowing with visitors from all nations. A list of dates in which Mr. — is disengaged, will be forwarded on receipt of 3d. in stamps, to clear postage reply." And yet some ungenerous individuals will go on asserting that there is no genuine goodness left in this wicked world!

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

MR. EDITOR, Sir, you may wonder
That I date my epistle from here,
And at first think the postmark's a blunder,
Though your P. D. will find out, I fear,
When he calls at my "den" in the city
Full of hope to find copy and me,
He'll find never a scrap of a ditty,
And be told that I've "run off to sea."

As I lounge on the beach here at Brighton,
And watch passing steamer and ships,
My rhyme-wearied spirits I lighten
With a kiss from the sweetest of lips;
Around us the soft winds are blowing
Through sunshine delightfully bright,
Let the sailor lad sing as he's rowing,
Our hearts are at least twice as light.

In the morning I smoke my Manilla,
While my darling reads some touching tale,
Which tells how in cottage and villa
Truth and Virtue are sure to prevail;
Or I ramble o'er sea-weed quite sloppy,
Crying out in my innocent glee,
"I care not a farthing for copy,
The Jackdaw may perish for me."

And forsooth in this holiday season,
Of what must your poor rhymers write?
At the Prince's Toole gives jokes and reason,
And to see him would be my delight;
Yet I tell you in language emphatic,
Though with manner quite "childlike and bland,"
I'll leave "Chawles" to your critic dramatic,
And remain among sea-weed and sand.

Should a sea-serpent stroll off the Mersey,
Or a very big gooseberry grow,
Your poet may feel a bit "versy,"
And will send you a column or so.
His wife's made him promise to take her
Gilbert's comedies next week to see
At the Royal, to which Brough and Saker
Will soon follow with boisterous glee.

The fact is—but this matter don't mention,
Lest the publishers might chance to hear—
It is those worthy people's intention
To stand me tobacco and beer.
So on this most auspicious occasion,
Your poet would much rather sail
With some friends, who need little persuasion,
Save a boat load of Bass's Pale Ale.

Au revoir; and be pleased to remember
That I'm certain to see you next week;
I've done so much hard work since September,
That of any neglect, now, don't speak.
I can't *always* be ditties inditing
Though I'm anxious, of course, to please you,
By the way, if you chance to be writing,
Send a cheque for a guinea or two.

THE MINER AND HIS PIANO.

THE Judge of the Wigan County Court has just decided that a piano is a luxury, not a necessity, and that, therefore, if a man's wife buys a piano the tradesman cannot recover the price of it from the husband. The plaintiff sought to recover £12, the value of a piano which he had sold to a collier's wife. There was a counter claim for £13. 5s. for board and lodging "for a lad named Smith, who played a piano at the plaintiff's 'free-and-easy.'" The piano, according to the plaintiff's statement, was sold to the collier's wife, who also took the boy, of her own accord, finding him washing and lodging in return for his teaching her sons to play the piano. The plaintiff having admitted that all his dealings had been with the wife, the judge decided in favour of the defendant, observing that the purchase of a piano might be a laudable way of investing savings, but it was not a necessity that a husband was liable for. Judgment was entered for the plaintiff on the set-off. Some cynical persons will turn up their noses at the very idea of a miner having a piano in his home, even a twelve pound piano; but the City Jackdaw thinks much of a person who prefers a piano to a pug.

The HATS THAT CANNOT BE SURPASSED FOR STYLE, DURABILITY, AND CHEAPNESS, ARE ROBERTS'S. 87. Oxford Street, near All Saints'



Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagent, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT Whit-Monday and Whit-Tuesday were both very naughty this year.

That the ardour of the thousands of pleasure-seekers, however, couldn't be damped, do what the weather liked.

That the procession of Sunday School children on Monday was a great success.

That, once more, it was an interesting and serviceable Conservative demonstration.

That hundreds of children, old and young, are now suffering from the effects of demonstrating.

That cruelty to children should be put down quite as much as cruelty to curs.

That Whitsuntide will be abolished if it won't mend its ways.

That the world's wise men are at Berlin attending the Congress.

That everybody is prepared to congratulate the said Congress on the expected result of its deliberations.

That, although we hope not, everybody may be wofully disappointed.

That the Earl of Beaconsfield went to Berlin on the Spree in easy stages—that is, short lengths.

That His Lordship, although fond of leaps in the dark, has gone about this affair with great deliberation.

That the Prime Minister of England will avail himself of this opportunity to air a good many of his crotchets.

That perhaps he won't, and perhaps he will, be quite as cocky in speaking at the Congress as he was in speaking at Aylesbury and the Guildhall.

That, if he is, he may find himself called to account by Bismarck and Gortschakoff.

That there is no truth in the malicious rumour that Beaconsfield and Gortschakoff will fight a duel as part and parcel of the proceedings.

That the other rumour is true, however, that, if His Lordship succeeds in getting all he wants, Queen Victoria will make him a Duke on his return.

That Her Majesty, telegraphing to us from Balmoral, says she means to do it.

That we won't object, and that we have told our Sovereign so.

That letters are appearing in legions in the *Guardian* with the object of letting people know how they can live on sixpence a day.

That, no doubt, many of the writers succeed in performing the extraordinary feat.

That the *Jackdaw*, try as he likes, cannot go and do likewise.

That there are different ways of committing suicide.

William McKerrow.

DIED JUNE 4TH, 1878.

[BY FIGARO JUNIOR.]

HIGH soul, and bright, far-flaming through the gloom
Of the terranean chaos. Prophet, priest,
Voice, whose sweet melody has not yet ceased—
But from that ark of human kind, the tomb,
Speaks in diviner sadness. Though bereft
Now of thy kindly presence, we have left
Still all its sainted memories, to illumine
Our troubled hopes. It was indeed full time
For thou—though not for us—that thou shouldst go
Where brightest souls not only are, but know.
For as thou toiledst on, in trust sublime—
In noble strength of truth and faith in dreams,
Which are the sole realities—the gleams
Of far celestial glory from that clime
Where is no sun nor moon played round thy head,
And on the path before thy feet were spread,
To light thee onwards through the darkening vale
Till thou didst reach, beyond the realms of Night,
Eternity's aurora, infinite,
Whose softly-radiant beauty cannot fail.
And so we knew the hour was drawing near.
As the resounding music grew more clear,
Sweeping across thy soul. And we were pale
Because those spirit harmonies that fell
Told us in tender tones to say, Farewell!
Thou knowest now that secret grand and vast,
That sombre complication which is Life—
Its joys and sorrows, meaning, objects, strife.
And thou, too, knowest, now that thou hast passed
Over the silent sea, that awful truth—
The hope of weary age, the dread of youth:
That mystery—at which we hold the breath—
Ineffable, august, which is called Death.

THE CONGRESS AND THE TURKEY'S BONES.

"And when the day of 'Congress' was fully come, behold they were all assembled in one place, with one accord, and they all spake in one voice, as the spirit of war gave them utterance."

THE following bit of verse (not original) is appropriate to the times, and may, for aught we know, be prophetic:—

Three Eagles perched upon three thrones,
And gazed upon the Turkey's bones.

One Eagle had the Turkey torn
To infinitesimal smithereens,
Whilst the other two were go-betweens.

The Eagles sat in quiet pose,
And questioned how the feast should close.
The two thought one had had enough
Of carcase—now as to the bones
They urged were for the let-alones.

Just then a Lion came that way,
And roared, "Hilloa, there was some prey,
But these confounded Eagles here
Have stripped it. By St. George's lance,
I'll make these merry Eagles prance!"

Then followed such a scrimmage round
As made a Continent resound;
The feathers and the hair flew high,
And travelled to Eternal Zones—
And naught remained of Turkey's bones!

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THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

[BY A STUDENT OF MEN AND MANNERS.]

THE face at the window has always been an object of interest from the earliest days of reliable history, and will continue to be so whilst windows form part of the conventional architecture of human dwellings, and faces remain in their vicinity. From the day in which the "windows of Heaven were opened" for the purpose of effecting the greatest change which ever took place in the annals of the terrestrial globe, windows have had a great deal to do with the social and moral tone of the community at large, and have played their part in many great historical events. Did not Noah look out at the window of the ark, and send forth a dove therefrom at the end of forty days?

That painted face, which looked out of the window at Jezreel, was accursed of God and man; and the "two or three eunuchs," who also showed their faces at the same window, were the ministers of a great and just judgment. Those beautiful, anxious faces, which looked out of the window in Egypt old, whilst the dying hero, who had given away half the world for love, was drawn up to its casement, had brightened and enlivened a dark page in the world's history; and that passion-flushed countenance, with the eyes and expression of a demon, which looked out of the window of the Louvre, and fired upon the poor, helpless fugitives flying from the murderous weapons of the League, on the day of Saint Bartholomew, darkened one of its fairest pages.

The face, which from the window of the Archbishop's house at Linlithgow, glanced down the barrel of an arquebuse with deadly aim at the Regent Murray, taught a severe lesson to tyrants who were *not* kings, and the pale and bloodless face of the second Stuart, which appeared at the window at Whitehall to step out on to the scaffold, taught a similar lesson to tyrants who *were* kings.

But a truce to moralising, let us take a walk, and keep your eyes on the windows as you pass, and study the various faces thereat. They are a book of nature's illustrating, and a series of the most interesting subjects for the disciple of Lavater, as he takes his daily stroll.

See that cheerful face opposite, the wearer of which has just risen, thrust his feet into slippers, and wrapped himself up in his comfortable dressing-gown. That man's mind is perfectly at ease; he can take his coffee or chocolate with the satisfaction which is naturally felt by one whose position is assured in the world, and he has now paid his visit to the window with the view of ascertaining the state or promise of the weather, before sitting down to his breakfast and the morning's paper. Happy man!

Look at the hard picture of selfishness which is stamped indelibly on the sallow countenance of that middle-aged man who sits at the window over yonder, smoking a cigar. Your selfish man is a great consumer of cigars. Whether they help his digestion, which would be otherwise impaired by his ascetic nature and temperament, or serve him in the place of companions in his hours of solitude, of which he has many, I will not pretend to judge. He glances, however, at the passers by with a cynical leer, which seems to say, "The world's mine oyster," and to convey an intimation that he will open it when and how he chooses.

Over there, see another kind of face at the window. That is Miss Skinner, the precise old maiden lady, who will not even allow a man-servant to come near her dwelling. Observe the comical expression of horror, surprise, and utter dismay which has overspread her otherwise agreeable face as she looks over the blind, and beholds the new kitchen-maid (who, by the way, was such a pattern of propriety) in the act of passing a cold fowl through the area railings to the eager grasp of policeman Z. I. What a subject for an artist's pencil or a humourist's pen!

Yonder genial face, wreathed o'er with smiles, which stands gazing down the street from the second floor window, is an expectant face; he expects a visitor, and a welcome one. Despite that face's general appearance of delectation, you detect a small tone of impatience in its physiognomy. The expected arrival is behind time—something has gone wrong, and, ere long, the shadow of disappointment will deepen that expression to one of chargin, until it becomes almost a counterpart of the acrimonious countenance you see a few doors lower down, that beholds from the window the bus he has been waiting for go past, on its hourly journey bent, and ventures not to hail it, as his knocker as just been saluted by that ill-omened double tap, which betokens the arrival of an unexpected and unwelcome visitor, whom he recognises at once from his stand to be the tax-gatherer, who has so often been sent away with the usual "Not at home?" He at once withdraws from the window, for to be seen means

to pay, so that the industrious official's appearance at that moment is extremely *mal apropos*, as it involves the certain failure of an important business appointment in the city. How comes it that, of all tax-payers, those who can best afford to pay are they who never do pay until actually forced to do so as a *dernier ressort*?

Look now at the helpless countenance which protrudes from that open window. Note the flushed and bloated picture of aimless depravity it presents, as its wearer leans out of the casement in order to ease his wildly throbbing temples, and to cool his over-heated brain. Mark that vitiated and abandoned look which almost incites you to turn away your eyes in disgust, and to feel your very nature debased, to think that such a degraded being should be called a man! *O tempora! O mores!*

See yonder face across the way with eyes aflame with hate and wrath as they are fixed upon that young pair who are gaily chatting at the street corner, perfectly unconscious of the basilisk who is gazing on them with all the concentrated fury of a jealous mind blazing in his eyes—does not every line of that expression, the knitted brow, the eyes of wrath, and the compressed and quivering lips, speak of—

"The green-eyed monster, that doth mock
The meat it feeds on?"

And now appears another face, a fair young face, so comely, and yet so pale; so lovely, and yet so weird; living, and yet so deathly. See you not the hectic flush that rises to that beautiful cheek, which betokens that the bloom is past and the end is nigh! And that face once appeared at the same window, ruddy with the sweet blossom of health, and brightened by the smile of the joyous heart that beat within! Alas, that such flowers should early fade, and become, even at the window, the mark of the grim and ruthless destroyer! Yet so says the prophet:—"For death has come up into our windows, and is entered into our palaces!"

Away with melancholy! Come into the fields if you wish to see my next face at the window. Amidst the green foliage surrounding that cottage window, which looks through the jasmynes into that pretty garden, there is a graceful head, bedecked with auburn curls which are freshened by the dew of morning, and there is a sunny face which vies with the roses in that little paradise in hue and loveliness, with the daisies that are scattered around in modest simplicity, and with the passion-flower itself in soul-breathing animation, as she carols forth a pretty love-song to the rival warblers outside the window. What man of mortal mould would not risk a second fall with such an Eve and such a paradise?

And where, oh! where does woman's influence tell upon the sensitive heart of her admirer with half such effect as when seen at the window? Who cannot appreciate the magnificent night-scene at the window created by the genius of the immortal bard of all time?—

"But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!"

What man who can read has so much himself denied as not to have wandered into the garden of the Capulets on that glorious night, and chimed in with the fascinated but unfortunate lover, when the wish of his heart burst from his eager soul—

"Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might kiss that cheek!"

Wander yet a little further still to that mansion half hidden by the trees, and see those two faces at the same window—two faces which almost touch each other, with their two hands clasped in a mutual grasp; two glances which meet in a fixed and tender look of mutual trust, as if drinking in confirmation of what lips have just spoken in passionate murmurings—

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one!"

And so we will leave the picture, with the concluding remark, that even the great wisdom of Solomon did not disdain to observe that study which is afforded by the face at the window—"He looketh forth at the window, showing himself through the lattice."

THE following dialogue is reported as having taken place between a game-keeper and a patient looking through the iron gate of a lunatic asylum:—
Patient: That's a fine horse. What's it worth? Keeper: A hundred pounds. Patient: And what did that gun cost? Keeper: Five pounds. Patient: And those dogs? Keeper: Ten pounds, I believe. Patient: What have you got in that gamebag? Keeper: A woodcock. Patient: Well, now, you had better hurry on; for if our governor catches a man who spent a hundred and fifteen pounds to get a woodcock worth half-a-crown, he'll have him under lock and key in no time, I tell you.

CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.

A FRAGMENT.

[BY AN EXHAUSTED POET.]

I HAVE not the slightest notion,
 Though my pen is now in motion,
 What this poem I am writing will, exactly, be about.
 Inspiration has departed,
 For I found that, when I started,
 All my efforts at expression put my fancy to the rout.
 I had deemed with fond elation,
 That a glow of inspiration
 Was about, awhile, to lift me from the common ruck of men;
 But I find I was mistaken,
 By the muse I am forsaken,
 And in vain her aid I summon as I nibble at my pen.
 But however much I nibble,
 Only nonsense still I scribble;
 It is yet as far as ever, the effect which is desired.
 Though my hair is sore with tugging,
 And my shoulders ache with shrugging,
 Still I cannot help the feeling that my verse is not inspired.
 'Tis a source of much vexation,
 You must own, that all creation,
 In its vastness, should not furnish forth a subject for a rhyme;
 Stay, I have it! I'll deliver
 A discourse about the river,
 And enlarge upon its swiftness, and the brevity of time.
 See its current (I begin thus)—
 Toil, and rest, and joy, and sin, thus
 In a swift and mingled turmoil ever running to the sea,
 Ever flowing I repeat—oh!
 What shall I compare the sea to?
 I have made a good beginning, but where can my fancy be?
 See the current (I continue;
 I am straining every sinew,
 If in speaking of invention the expression be allowed).—
 See the current, as it rushes,
 And (of course it does) it gushes
 (I begin of my success to be particularly proud).
 Flowing downwards, flowing ever;
 Ceaseless babble, stopping never
 (I observe a slight tautology; the sentiment is true);
 Flowing down towards the ocean
 (I begin to have a notion
 That a point about the ocean is its colour, which is blue).
 Life is full of alternation
 (Here comes in the application,
 Which, of course, it would afford me satisfaction now to trace,
 But, however much I grieve, it
 Is incumbent now to leave it—
 I have not, at my disposal, got the necessary space).

THESE SERVANT GIRLS!

WHEN will servant girls become all that they might be—all that they ought to be? Some few weeks ago a friend of ours engaged a decent-looking girl from one of the register offices in the city. Her character was represented to be all but perfection itself. But, alas! she turned out to be almost good for nothing as a worker, and—worse still!—she was rather given to staying out all night. She had to go; and another—equally well spoken of—came in her place. But the second was worse than the first. Not only did she remain out all night her very first Sunday off; but she seemed at times to be under the influence of drink. It appears, too, that servant girls are just about as bad in country places as they are in great cities like Manchester. "A Country Vicar" tells the following tale in a letter to the *Times*:—"About a fortnight ago, in answer to an advertisement in the *Times*, a respectable middle-aged female presented herself at our vicarage. She was, according to her own description, what we had been longing for and sighing after for many weary years—perfectly *au fait* at dairy work, breadmaking, and plain cooking, with an inveterate hostility to beer, spirits, and followers on the kitchen premises, a paragon of perfection in short, for £25 a year, everything included. Somewhat inexperienced in the ways of a wicked world, she had started from Eastbourne that day, and, as they would not book her farther than Hastings, she had spent all her money, and was left high and dry at our vicarage with an empty purse and no return-ticket. Being tender-hearted, compassionate people in our humble

way, we obligingly gave her a good dinner, left her the superintendence of our spoons and forks while in consultation together, and rather than that she should walk all the way back to Eastbourne, my wife made her a parting present of 14s., second-class fare, as our newly-found friend could not endure the rough company that usually travelled third. Would you believe it, sir, this paragon of perfection, this domestic treasure, to whom the dairy work of six cows was but a trifling recreation—a pleasant interlude in the midst of life's sterner duties—turns out to have been an arrant impostor? The lady to whom she gave a reference for a seven years' character existed only in her ardent imagination. The vicar of the parish who a fortnight ago buried her mother repudiated her with scorn, and finally, to crown all, a letter addressed to Miss Evans herself—this is the treasure's name—is returned endorsed 'Not known.' The next paragon that appears may walk to Jericho if she likes, but I scarcely think that her expenses *en route* will at the present be defrayed by me." Of course, they are not all bad; but those who have got good ones may consider themselves fortunate.

BY ORDER OF THE RAILWAY COMPANY.

[BY PATERFAMALIAS.]

RAILWAY companies are not generally supposed to manage their business in anything but a business-like way; yet we must confess that our notions of their infallibility in this respect have been of late somewhat sorely disturbed. Living, as we do, on the confines of a purely manufacturing and a purely rural district, it is not unnatural that we should at odd times be classed amongst those people who are eager to rush at anything which is proclaimed "a cheap bargain." We were not, therefore, in the least surprised when, the other morning, a ponderous knock was made at the door of our domicile, and a circular was presented to us with a loud and hurried intimation that it was from "the Railway Company," and would "be called for." We think the firm by which it is issued thoroughly deserve a gratuitous advertisement, so for their benefit as well as for that of our readers we reprint a portion of their Circular:—

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

BY ORDER OF THE RAILWAY COMPANY.

MESSRS. YOUNG & CO.'S

(General Railway Brokers and Auctioneers, Wood Street, City, London.)

8TH ANNUAL SALE OF

DELAYED, UNCLAIMED, AND DAMAGED GOODS.

Messrs. Y. and Co., the well-known Railway Auctioneers, beg to announce to the inhabitants of this Town and Neighbourhood that they are for the eighth year especially appointed and instructed to commence the sale of Delayed and Damaged Goods, and they respectfully solicit an inspection of the same, as no one can form an idea of the great sacrifice made in the Stock but those who inspect it, which they feel confident, considering the Low Prices and the Superior Quality, will meet with approbation.

This is charmingly ambiguous. If Messrs. Young are "appointed to commence the sale," it may be presumed they are also "instructed," and it would be folly to "instruct" without "appointing" them.

"The stock," we are assured, "consists of Brussels and Kidderminster carpets, shawls, and dresses, which are sold at less than half-price, as may be seen by the following list of prices:—Silk and wool shawls, worth £1. 1s., reduced to 12s. 6d.; gent's silk scarf, cost 2s. 4d., reduced to 1s.; Brussels carpeting, cost 4s. 3d., reduced to 1s. 6d.; a large quantity of West of England and Yorkshire broad and narrow woollen cloth, of all shades—cloth for gents' suits, from 15s. 6d. per suit to £3. 2s.; gents' all-wool doeskin trousers, per pair, 7s. 6d.; 50 boxes of French kid gloves, per pair, 1s. 6d.; 7,000 yards of Horrock's long cloth, at 2½d. per yard; 410 Paisley shawls, valued at £3. 10s., now selling at £1. 17s. 6d.; more antique dresses, £7, selling at £3. 3s.; black satin dresses, value at £8., selling at £4. 4s. Messrs. Y. & Co. have employed a number of salesmen to sell the whole of the goods, which must be sold in 30 days. The salesmen will call with samples of goods, when purchases can be made. The lowest price will be asked, from which no alteration can be made."

Any person who knows anything at all about railway companies must admit that their officers and agents do not emulate travelling dispensers. We should be much pleased to learn from "Messrs. Young and Co., Wood Street, City, London," the name of the "railway company" which has "instructed" and "appointed" them; together with a little information as to the precise standing of that eminent firm of railway brokers and auctioneers.

WORMALD'S PILLS are the **BEST** for all **COMPLAINTS** of the **STOMACH, LIVER, and BOWELS.**
 Boxes, 10s. and 2s. 6d.

WHITSUNTIDE "AMUSEMENTS."

GAIN following the custom of our daily contemporaries, we this week present our readers with reports of the various Whitsuntide festivities which have taken place. There was, to begin with, last Monday,

THE PROCESSION.

This is an institution maintained from year to year in all its barbaric completeness, in order to gratify the vanity and the prejudices of parsons and Sunday-school teachers, and it offers a cheap, easy, and safe method of infanticide to all parents whose families are too large. All one has to do is to dress a child in a thin white dress, put pasteboard shoes on its feet, and then send it out to walk a few miles in the drenching rain. If this does not kill, or at least seriously injure the child, you may conclude that nothing less than a razor or half a pound of strychnine will be effectual. No doubt there would be joy in the heart of many a loving parent last Monday as he saw the downpour of rain, and thought how his babies were catching colds which might soon fit them for the kingdom of heaven, and so save him the trouble of bringing them up. Still the marshals and the parsons seemed to enjoy it, for they fussed about like hens that wanted to lay and couldn't find their nests. After the children had got as well drenched as possible, the parsons went to

POMONA GARDENS,

Where a most elaborate programme of amusements had been issued. The principal amusement was not in the programme. It was that of drinking beer. The whale turned out to be a humbug. He would neither eat, nor blow, nor stand on his head, nor perform any of those engaging little tricks which whales who cater for the public ought to do. The balloon would not go up till every one was sick of waiting for it. The pedestrians were monotonous, the music hall singers stupid, and dancing uncomfortable in the heat and damp. But the beer-drinking was genuine enjoyment, and therefore at Pomona the British public enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

BELLE VUE.

Here, too, people were deluded with the notion that they were enjoying themselves. They watched the same old white bears marching round the same old pond; they sniffed the powerful odour of the hyenas; they had a pen'north of elephant and a pen'north of steamer; they looked at the picture and were vacant; they danced till they were tired and hot; they dug at the lion with sticks, and then they went and patiently waited at the crowded refreshment bars for some more beer. They then went out and had a pen'north of boat, and afterwards calmed their naval ardour with more beer. Some then left, and had fearful rows with the conductors of the omnibuses outside. Others waited for the fireworks, and had a terrible scramble for the trains at Ashbury's Station, reaching home after midnight in a state of beer and bliss, feeling that they had thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

MANLEY PARK.

The attendance at this place is a good deal more select than at the others, because the directors of the company think it pays them a great deal better to have one person in at a shilling than three or four at sixpence each. They are mostly good and pious people who come here, and afterwards write letters to the papers because some of the vulgar have dared to indulge in the fragrant pipe and emit tobacco smoke betwixt them and their hundred-and-fifty-year sort of respectability. People wandered over the grounds for a time, and pulled off the buds of the shrubs, or neatly cut off a rhododendron blossom with the blow of a stick when nobody was looking, but they also in their innocence gravitated invariably back to the refreshment tents, from which no Englishman likes to remain long away. Most of the visitors got thoroughly drenched early in the day, but, having paid a shilling to go into the Park, they stuck to it to the last, and are to this moment firmly persuaded that they enjoyed themselves in a most unquestionable manner.

THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

Here there was a still more select class, chiefly composed of those phenomena, the æsthetic working man or *bourgeois*. Nobody stole any of the flowers or fruit, because there were too many people about, but everybody looked as if they only wanted the opportunity. A great number would dearly have liked a dance on the lawn when the band was playing, but they felt that at the Botanical Gardens one is nothing if not decorous. So they sat round in dignified and uncomfortable silence, and ultimately went home arguing with themselves that they really must have enjoyed the affair.

THE STREETS.

As usual, presented an animated appearance. Many people were drunk, some were noisy, and all were damp. Country cousins came in from the stations in shoals, and gaped and stared about to their hearts' content at that aggregate of marvellous ugliness in buildings which is called Manchester. In the evening they went home tight, tired, and damp, and thought what a glorious thing it is to thoroughly enjoy oneself.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

[BY PETER PIPER.]

MY old friend Dick—was a genius. Nothing came amiss to him. He could write a "leader" or a love song, or report the dryas dust proceedings of a Local Board; "making-up" a paper occasionally fell to his lot, and he was an irrepressible canvasser for "ads." But so far as I could glean of his experience in this sort of work, Fate did not deal very kindly with him; at any rate, he never made more than a very ordinary salary out of it. It was necessary that Dick should have more of the filthy lucre than he derived from his labours in connection with a small "weekly," for he had taken unto himself a wife, and youngsters began to appear on the scene with a rapidity and regularity which would have appalled a less sanguine man. More money he got, and for awhile it was a mystery to me how he got it. Paying him a visit at home, I solved the problem. There he was, taking his ease, rollicking with the bairns, and in better feather than he had ever before appeared. He was rusticated in a Manchester suburb, out among the fields and flowers, with a spacious garden attached to his domicile. Precious little newspaper work he did now, he said; he was pretty nearly independent of it, and only dabbled in it now and again rather from the force of habit than aught else. He kept a live fox, and had some thoughts of negotiating for a bear; and in his leisure moments he amused himself by the use of a cross-bow, with the bolts from which he killed all the cats he found gazing covetously upon his poultry pens. A score of cured skins in the garden tool-house attested the accuracy of his aim. Within his sweetly located dwelling I was enlightened as to the secret of his success. The walls were covered with ancient weapons of war and pieces of armour, and some of the rooms were furnished in a style that carried one back hundreds of years. He had, he told me, become a dealer in antique furniture, rare China and other ware, and things of that sort; he had agents snapping up all kinds of curious trifles at auctions in various parts of the country, and he carried on a profitable business among lovers of the antique in Manchester and surrounding towns. The profits he made were in many cases enormous, for well-to-do folk who were determined to satisfy their whims did not haggle about prices.

"There are some folk," said Dick, "who have a tremendous fondness for old oak chairs, curiously carved, flat-bottomed, straight-backed ones, dating back some two or three hundred years. Chair transactions have been exceedingly profitable with me, and consequently my agents are required to keep a keen look-out for chairs."

"And what about plain, uncarved chairs?" I asked, seeing that a number of that sort figured among the goods he had in hand.

"Come here, old boy," he said, and taking me to a small workroom he produced an old chair, bearing a seventeenth century date, on the back of which there was some carved work evidently only a few days old.

"Why, Godfrey Daniel!" I exclaimed; "you don't mean to say that —"

"That when I get a plain chair I carve it? That's just it, old fellow. I can get a heap more money for a carved chair than one uncarved; and here you see my carving tools, and in that bottle there is stuff with which I stain the carved parts, rendering them of the same colour as the remainder of the wood. My customers ask me no questions about the carved work, and so I tell them no lies, and as the colour is all of a piece they never suspect anything. Hence

The pleasure is as great

In being cheated, as to cheat."

I complimented Dick upon his skill, for the carving and staining, as I observed in some other chairs, were executed with an amount of cleverness which a veteran cabinet-maker could not have excelled; and I also congratulated myself on having made no attempt at house furnishing with antique goods, particularly chairs.

Dick's run of good luck, however, was not destined to last many months longer. I never afterwards saw him alive. Death claimed him at a few hours' warning, and my only hope concerning my old friend is that

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

WORMALD'S CREAM OINTMENT, FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, IS TRULY EFFICACIOUS.

Price, 12½d. and 2s. 6d.

THE THEATRES.

MR. TOOLE in a new piece is sure to draw at any time, and he has, of necessity, this Whitsuntide been received by crowded houses at the Prince's. In Mr. H. J. Byron's *A Fool and his Money* he has ample opportunity for the display of his comic genius, and from the first time he makes his voice heard, which is some minutes before he appears on the stage, to the final descent of the curtain, the audience is kept on the grin, or in a roar of laughter. "Chawles," the hero of the play, is an ignorant butler, full of the vanity of ignorance, who by dint of embroccating and fomenting a suffering master, has rubbed himself into the latter's affections, and got a will made in his favour. The existence of this will is not suspected until the close of the first act, and until we have enjoyed a good deal of fun over "Chawles's" remarks upon the conduct of the old man for having died without leaving him so much as a "momentum." The announcement to the bewildered "Chawles" of the new-found will, by the rightful heir, who is already in possession, is the climax of the first act. In the second, "Chawles" is in his new character of country gentleman, and dressed up to his notion of the part. He is miserable, of course, and inclined to matrimony; but that interesting dilemma, for it is one, we must not divulge—it must be seen. In the end the will is upset, the heir gets his own, "Chawles" gets back into his own station, his matrimonial schemes are about to be crowned with success, and everyone is happy. The plot of the play is absurd enough, but it is full of smart things and comical situations, which all the characters make the most of. "Chawles's" early kitchen-love, "Mary Draper," is pleasantly played by Miss Johnstone. Mr. Cooper makes a gentlemanly heir, and Miss Santon is a sprightly sweetheart to the two gentlemen already named. Mr. Collette takes the part of "Brabazon Vandeleur" with great spirit and success, and Mr. Pedley is a worthy lawyer. *The Steeplechase*, which is well known in Manchester as one of Mr. Toole's most humorous farces, is given as the afterpiece.

It would appear to be the opinion of local managers that the public cannot have too much of Mr. Gilbert, and this opinion seems to be fully endorsed by the public itself. At the Theatre Royal, this week, three pieces, described as comedies, are being played by a specially organised company, to audiences which, if not crowded, are vigorously enthusiastic. *Sweethearts*, the first of these, may be somewhat familiar. In construction it is exquisitely idyllic. What could be more charming than the coquetry of "Jenny Northcote" (Miss Mary Rorke), in the first act, in contrast with her tender pathos when, after a lapse of thirty years, she again finds herself in the presence of the man with whose feelings she has trifled, and whom she at the same time most devotedly loved. Very pathetic, too, is the feigned unconsciousness of her old lover, "Henry Spreadbrow" (Mr. Vandenhoff) as to the tender passages which have passed between them in early life; the tree they planted together, and under whose spreading branches they are seated, he has no knowledge of. The flowers they exchanged at parting have long since been forgotten, until the circumstance is recalled by "Jenny" producing her treasured rose. "The play of our lives is over," she faintly murmurs. "No," replies he, "the serious interest is about to commence," and with that the curtain drops. Mr. Gilbert's little trifle is elaborate enough without waste of words. The sympathies of the audience are at once enlisted, because the playwright takes them into his confidence, and gives them credit for some amount of feeling and imagination. *Sweethearts* is but a dramatic duologue, but it has the merit of containing the "one touch of nature" in all its incidents. *Tom Cobb; or, Fortune's Toy*, which follows, is a very different sort of piece. To the utmost extent it is ridiculously farcical. Poor "Tom," to escape the importunities of his creditors, is induced to "sham" dead, and this leads to all sorts of incongruities. Upon coming to life again he finds that his intended father-in-law, "Colonel O'Fipp," an Irish adventurer, capably represented by Mr. David Fisher, has, in the most cool and impudent manner, appropriated a fortune to which "Tom" is the real heir. The air of injured innocence assumed by that questionable officer, and the manner in which he repudiates "Tom's" identity, is something to be wondered at, if not altogether admired. Further interest is given to the play by the sayings and doings of a romantic family into which "Tom," with some little inconsistency on the part of Mr. Gilbert, and much to the surprise of the audience, is ultimately matrimonially introduced. Perhaps it would be in somewhat better taste if the head of this family, who is a "very old man," would not make up in such a manner as to closely resemble the portrait of the Rev. John Wesley. As the daughter of this romantic patriarch, Miss Caroline Hill was exceedingly effective. Than her, the height of

romance could no further go. Of *The Wedding March*, which concludes a very delightful, albeit lengthy, entertainment, we scarcely know how to write. To speak of it in detail is out of the question. It is certainly funny enough, and had better be accepted for what the author evidently intended it—an unelaborated piece of nonsensical burlesque.

At the Queen's Theatre, on Friday evening, a very agreeable performance was given by members of the De Trafford Club and the Queen's Theatre company, in aid of the children's maintenance fund for Blackburn and East Lancashire. *Plot and Passion* and the farce of *How's your Uncle?* were admirably represented to an audience more appreciative than numerous. Between the pieces Mr. Ben Brierley read an interesting story called "Poor Jack."—*New Babylon*, an original drama, by Paul Merritt and George F. Rowe, is being performed nightly at the Queen's. The scenery is excellent, the acting is good, but the piece itself is a poor production.

At the Hulme Town Hall, on Saturday evening, the Compton Dramatic Club gave a performance in aid of the fund being raised for the sufferers by the late fire in Hulme. Byron's *Weak Woman*, and the farce of *My Turn Next*, formed the staple of the entertainment, which afforded the utmost satisfaction to a numerous auditory.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

HOW does it happen that the London correspondent of the *Evening News* is constantly pitching into Beaconsfield? One day this week, for instance, he wrote as follows:—"We are all waiting to see what Vivian Grey will do at Berlin. The diplomatic tricksters know very little about this man, save what can be gathered through the Tauchnitz Edition of his novels. He is not one of them, and his love locks, his lilac gloves, and his dainty walking cane will interest, perhaps amuse them. What a brilliant success has his been! A poor man unconnected with the English race and with none of that robustness which characterises all Englishmen and most English statesmen, he has had nothing to rely upon but his own genius, which has not always run in the straightest groove, unless it led to his own prosperity. He was the Radical of Bucks, the Tory of Maidstone, the Socialist of "Sybil," the Legitimist of "Lothair;" in six months he was converted from a Protectionist to a Free Trader; he denounced the extension of the franchise and yet established household suffrage;—and so on, a career of contradictions. He now stands in higher favour with his Sovereign than any other man in the Empire, and not even Prince Bismarck, though backed by hordes of soldiery, will enter Congress with more weight and influence than the Prime Minister of England. If he saves England from war, and wins a diplomatic victory over Russia, I should not be surprised if the Queen makes him a duke. Such a reward is already much talked about."

AN inmate of Cardiff workhouse asked a favour of the guardians in the following form the other day:—

To London I want to go,
The doctor for my eyes to show;
I want your help to pay the train—
I hope you'll never want the same.

PERHAPS the Manchester Presbytery will be pleased to learn that its recent discussion as to whether or not it should dabble in politics has attracted the attention of no meaner an authority than the *Pall Mall Gazette* itself. "The Presbytery," it says, "having rejected the resolution that a month's notice should be given before political questions were touched, will, therefore, continue its use and wont, and from time to time, as occasion may require, give expression to its political opinions. The course suggested by the Moderator was, perhaps, the most prudent as regards the relations of the Presbytery with its friends outside; but the public generally would view with alarm the withdrawal of the Presbytery's eye from the councils of the nation. Political vigilance on the part of ecclesiastical bodies can no more be dispensed with in these days than that of vestries and local boards." Very likely not; and, as for the "friends outside," Presbyterians would become contemptible if they hesitated to declare their minds on great and pressing questions in case they should offend outsiders.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw* 61, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE OF

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Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at Dusk.

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The Zoological Collection of Living Animals and Birds includes Giraffes, Elephants, Lions, Tigers, Rhinoceros, Hippopotamus, &c. Amongst the other attractions of the Gardens are the Great Lakes, with Pleasure Boats and Steamers; the Mazes, Museum, Fernery, Conservatory, &c.

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USEFUL for Letterpress Printing, Stamping, and Marking. Made type-high, and cut in bold relief. An exact reproduction of any Signature guaranteed. Sent post free for 36 stamps.—Address, J. F. NASH, 3, Goldsmith Street, Gough Square, London, E.C.

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Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals, by the new Royal Mail Steamer

"COLUMBA" or the "IONA,"

From Glasgow daily at 7 a.m., and from Greenock at 9 a.m., conveying passengers for North and West Highlands. For present sailings to Highlands see bill with Map and Tourist Fares, free by post, from

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If your Spectacles are broken take them to the Maker, N. HARPER, 36, Clarendon Street, Oxford Street, Manchester.

JOHN H. HODGSON,

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Respectfully invites an inspection of his ENTIRELY NEW AND WELL-ASSORTED STOCK OF

GENTLEMEN'S HOSIERY, WHITE & COLOURED SHIRTS, &c.,
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S GLOVES, TIES, AND SILK UMBRELLAS.

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CLAIM PREFERENCE
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They are the only Hats
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PRICES—10/6, 12/6, & 15/-

The Best and Cheapest
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Top of Trafford Street, Stretford Road.

N.B.—The Alexandra Park and Brooks's Bar 'buses pass
the door every five minutes.

BUSINESS AS USUAL AT THE MANUFACTORY ON GAYTHORN
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Coffins and Shrouds, ready made, from the lowest price
to the very best quality, including the strong patent oak,
lined and upholstered, French polished, or covered with
cloth and richly mounted, at 20 per cent less in cost than
the ordinary coffins, and more if the superior quality be
considered.

JUST PUBLISHED. BEN BRIERLEY'S SEA SIDE & HOLIDAY ANNUAL (ILLUSTRATED). PRICE SIXPENCE.

CONTENTS:

The Dead Bride, by Ben Brierley.—Ruin Fish, by the
Dyspeptic Romeo.—Gooseberry Pie, by John Walker.—
The Sea Side, Blackpool, by J. H.—The Dead Donkey,
by W. Darbyshire.—In the Twilight, by James Dawson.
A Blow at Scarborough, by Neb-o-th'-Nook.—Robin and I, by
Fanny Forrester.—An Old Man's Story, by Fenwar.
May! by John L. Owen.—Loch Leven, by J. M. Haw-
croft.—Bear Shooting in Norway, by "Elba."—A Terrible
Tale, by J. Barnes.—An Every-Day Hero, by Frank
Fearnley.—May Blossoms.—A Canadian Love Story, by
Cecil Laker.—Blewit Bill and the Flood, by Tim Bobbin
Third.—In a Manx Glen, by J. M. Hawcroft.—Puffing
Billy, by R. H. Healey.—Our Picnic, by Thurston Chary
Tyrer.—Wife with the Bony Check, by J. J. Freeman.—
May Time, by Jennie Heywood.

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N.B.—When packed with Meat and Provisions, only
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VICKERS' ANTILACTIC is the only
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LUMBAGO, and GOUT. It has never been known to fail
in curing the worst cases, many of which had been
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Sold by Chemists, in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d.,
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Paper Hangings
Manufacturers,
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60, SWAN STREET,
Three doors from
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PAINTERS' SUNDRIES.

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Three doors from Rochdale Road, and
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"I cannot sufficiently praise your Hair Cleaner."
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"It is such nice cleansing as well as cooling stuff."
"It has only one fault—it ought to be a SHILING A PACKET."
"It is very useful in cleansing my hair and making it curl."
"I like your Hair Cleaner very much."
"I think it may be styled the 'HOUSEHOLD TREASURE.'"
"It has a cleansing and refreshing excellence."
"I never used a MORE BEAUTIFUL WASH."

Sold in packets, Sixpence each, making a PINT of first-
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The Military and General Tailoring Co. solicit the
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DR. ROBERTS' POORMAN'S FRIEND
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Unfailing Remedy for wounds of every description—
Scalds, Chilblains, Scorbatic Eruptions, Burns, Sore
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Sold in pots at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 11s., and 22s. each.
DR. ROBERTS' PILULE ANTISCROPHULE, or
ALTERATIVE PILLS, proved by sixty years' expe-
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the public.
They form a mild and superior family aperient; they
may be taken at all times without confinement or change
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In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 22s. each.
Sold by the Proprietors, BEACH and BARNICOTT,
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United Kingdom and Colonies.

BROWN'S SHILLING COLLECTION
OF CHOICE FLOWER SEEDS is the cheapest
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varieties. German Aster, Sweet Pea, Mignonette, Vir-
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Carnation, Poppy, Nasturtium, Indian Pink, and 10
other well-selected varieties, post free 1s. 1d. Three do.,
2s. 6d. Six do., 5s.—GEORGE BROWN, 16, Seaside
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JAMES'S LIFE PILLS.

This great Household Medicine ranks amongst the
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These famous Pills purify the Blood, and act most
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LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS,
and BOWELS, giving tone, energy, and vigour to these
great Main Springs of Life. They are confidently
recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases
where the constitution, from whatever cause, has
become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully
efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all
ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE,
are unsurpassed.

JAMES'S LIFE PILLS
Remove Freckles and Pimples, and are unequalled
for Beautifying and Refreshing the Skin. They never
fail to restore youthful colour and impart new life.
1s. 1½d. a Box, at all Chemists.

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NETTING for GARDENS, 3d. and 1d.
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CRICKET NETS, 6yds. by 2yds., 5s. and 7s. 6d.
NETTING for POULTRY, 2½d. and 4d. per square yard.
NETTING PRICE LIST on application.
Netting sent to all parts of the Kingdom. All orders
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Remittances not requested until goods delivered.
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PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS

GOOD for the cure of WIND ON THE STOMACH.
GOOD for the cure of INDIGESTION.
GOOD for the cure of SICK HEADACHE.
GOOD for the cure of HEARTBURN.
GOOD for the cure of BILIOUSNESS.
GOOD for the cure of LIVER COMPLAINT.
GOOD for the cure of ALL COMPLAINTS
arising from a disordered state of the
STOMACH, BOWELS, or LIVER.
Sold by all Medicine Vendors, in boxes at 1s. 1½d.,
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PAGE D. WOODCOCK,
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WELL I AM SURPRISED

You should suffer so acutely from any disease
caused by impure blood when the **UNIVERSAL
MAGIC PURIFYING DROPS** are so justly acknowledged
by all ranks of society to stand unrivalled for effectually
purifying the stream of life from all latent disease, how-
ever stagnant, torpid, or impure it may be. They give
brilliance to the eye; a rosy, healthy hue to the face; a
pearly whiteness to the teeth; a delightful fragrance to
the breath; elasticity to the step; a buoyancy to the
spirits; an edge to the appetite; a clear conception;
pure blood; refreshing and exhilarating sleep to the
debilitated system; in fact, they change the most shattered
frame into health, strength, and vigour; whilst the
mental and physical powers under their influence
are so strengthened and fortified that all difficulties and
obstacles are triumphantly met and conquered. Prices:
4s. 6d., 11s., and 83s. per Case. Prepared only by Messrs.
WILKINSON and Co., Medical Hall, 4, Baker's Hill,
Sheffield, and sold by Chemists and Patent Medicine
Vendors throughout the world; or should the least
difficulty occur, they will be forwarded per return
(carriage free) on receipt of the amount in stamps or
post order by the Proprietors. Established 1830.
Upwards of Three Hundred Thousand Cases were sold
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IMPORTANT NOTICE.—All Chemists and Patent
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**MATHER, Farrington Road, London, and 84, Corpora-
tion Street, Manchester;** Evans, Lescher, and Evans, 40,
Bartholomew Close, London; Evans, Sons, and Co.,
56, Hanover Street, Liverpool; and Goodall, Backhouse,
and Co., Leeds.

JUNE 14, 1878.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

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Price Twopence Each.

A GRAPHIC VIEW OF THE SIX MILLIONS SPENT ON WAR MATERIALS.

Printed on Strong Sheet, 20 by 30 inches. Showing 1,200 bags of Gold, each containing £5,000, and giving a list of blessings that such a sum might have procured for the people of Great Britain.

Sold for distribution, 100 for 12s. 6d.; 250, £1. 10s.; 500, £2. 15s.; 1,000, £5. 5s.

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At the Exhibition of Sanitary Appliances, held at Owens College, August 6th to 18th, 1877;
The Prize Medal at the Leamington Sanitary Exhibition, October 3rd to 18th, 1877.

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FOR PREVENTING THE INCRUSTATION IN STEAM BOILERS.—(REGISTERED.)
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THE CITY JACKDAW.

JUNE 14, 1878.

BROOK'S DANDELION COFFEE

CONTAINS three times the strength of ordinary Coffee, and is strongly recommended by the most eminent of the medical faculty as an agreeable, palatable, and medicinal beverage. See report of Dr. Hassall, M.D., author of "Food and its Adulterations," &c.; also, Otto Hehner, F.R.S. analyst. Sold by most respectable Grocers and Chemists, in 6d., 1s., and 1s. 9d. Tins. Wholesale in Manchester from W. Mather; and the Manufacturers; and Goodhall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds.

Lancashire & Yorkshire Railway.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

ON Whit-Thursdays, Friday, and Saturday, June 13, 14, and 15, EXCURSION TRAINS will be run to BLACKPOOL, LYTHAM, SOUTHPORT, and LIVERPOOL, from Stalybridge, Ashton, Oldham, Manchester, Salford, Pendleton, &c.; and to SMITHY BRIDGE, for HOLLINGWORTH LAKE, from Manchester, Miles Platting, &c., every day during Whit-week.

On Whit-Saturday, June 15, an EXCURSION TRAIN will be run to WHALLEY, CLITHEROE, and CHAT-BURN, and another to SKIPTON, for BOLTON ABBEY, from Salford Station, &c.—See bills for particulars.

WM. THORLEY, Chief Traffic Manager.
May, 1878.

Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

ON THURSDAY, FRIDAY, & SATURDAY,
13th, 14th, and 15th June,

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO
DUNFORD, WORTLEY,
OUGHTY BRIDGE,
SHEFFIELD, WORKSOP,
RETFORD, & LINCOLN,

Will run from Manchester (London Road), Ardwick, Oldham (Clegg Street), Guide Bridge, Newton, Glossop, and Dinting.

For times, fares, &c., see bills.
R. G. UNDERDOWN,
General Manager.

London Road Station, Manchester,
May 25th, 1878.

Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway.

ONE, TWO, OR THREE DAYS' TRIP TO HULL,
GRIMSBY, OR CLEETHORPES.

On Whit-Saturday, 15th June,
A CHEAP FAST EXCURSION TRAIN TO
HULL, GRIMSBY, AND
CLEETHORPES,

Will run as under:
Manchester (London Road), depart 5-30 a.m.; Ardwick, 5-34; Ashburys, 5-38; Stalybridge, 5-39; Ashton (Park Parade), 5-35; Dukinfield, 5-38; Guide Bridge, 5-45.

RETURNING from HULL at 6, CLEETHORPES at 6, and from GRIMSBY Passenger Station at 6-15 p.m. the same day.

Passengers can return from Hull at 3-15, from Cleethorpes at 3-45, and from Grimsby at 4 p.m. on Sunday, June 16th; or from Hull at 4, Cleethorpes at 4, and Grimsby Town at 4-15 p.m. on Monday, June 17th, on payment of 1s. 6d. extra before returning.

R. G. UNDERDOWN,
General Manager.
London-road Station,
Manchester, June, 1878.

DELICIOUS BREAKFAST LUXURIES

Far-famed Lochfyne Cured Herrings. Far-famed Lochfyne Smoked Herrings, 10s., 20s., and 30s. per barrel. Superfine Prime Cured Salmon, 10lb. 10s., 20lb. 20s., 30lb. 30s.

All warranted to keep for 12 months. Orders packed carefully, and forwarded promptly to any address on receipt of remittance.

J. MILLER & CO., 177, Holm Street, Glasgow.

CHESHIRE LINES.

WHIT-WEEK EXCURSIONS

TO
LIVERPOOL.

EVERY DAY during WHIT-WEEK,
Passengers will be booked at Excursion Fares from MANCHESTER (Central Station) to LIVERPOOL, as below:—

On WHIT-MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, at 8-30 a.m., returning from LIVERPOOL (Central) at 8-30 p.m. or 9-30 p.m. on the day of issue.

On WHIT-SATURDAY, at 8-0 a.m. and 8-30 a.m., returning from LIVERPOOL at 8-30, 9-30, or 11-0 p.m. same day.

Fare to Liverpool and Back—Third Class, 3s.
On WHIT-SATURDAY, at 2-30 p.m., returning from LIVERPOOL at 8-30, 9-30, or 11-0 p.m.

Fare to Liverpool and Back—Third Class, 2s. 6d.
The tickets will only be available by the trains named above, and on the day of issue.

WM. ENGLISH, Manager.
Central Station, Liverpool, May, 1878.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

ON SATURDAY, June 8th, and MONDAY, June 10th, 1878, a CHEAP EXCURSION TRAIN TO LONDON, by the Midland Railway Company's Route, will run as under, by which passengers may also be booked from principal stations to Park, Holland, Belgium, and the Rhine.

Manchester (London Road), depart 9-15 a.m.; Stalybridge, 8-40 a.m.; Ashton (M. S. and L.), 8-44 a.m.; Guide Bridge, 9-33 a.m.; Hyde, 9-38 a.m.; Woodley, 9-43 a.m.; Marple, 9-50 a.m.; Hayfield, 8-39 a.m.; New Mills, 10 a.m.; arriving at London (St. Pancras) about 4-15 p.m. Returning from St. Pancras Station on Wednesday, June 12th, and Saturday, June 15th, at 10-5 a.m., and Kentish Town at 10-10 a.m.

Children under three years of age, free; above three and under twelve, half fares. Luggage must be conveyed under the passengers' own care, as the Company will not be responsible. Tickets are not transferable, and will be available for returning by either of these trains only.

Tickets, bills, and all particulars may be obtained at the Midland Company's Booking Offices, and at Cook's Excursion Office, 43, Piccadilly, Manchester, or at any of the above Stations.

Ten minutes will be allowed at Trent Station for refreshments both in going and returning.

An EXCURSION TRAIN will also run from LONDON (St. Pancras Station) to MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, &c., at the same Fares, on Saturday, June 8th, returning on Monday, June 10th, or Thursday, June 13th.

JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.
Derby, May, 1878.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

THREE DAYS' TRIP TO LONDON.

ON SATURDAY, June 15th, 1878, a CHEAP EXCURSION TRAIN TO LONDON (St. Pancras Station), by the Midland Company's Route through the Peak of Derbyshire, FOR THREE DAYS, will run as under:—

Manchester (London Road), 12-5 a.m.; Guide Bridge, 12-15 a.m.; Hyde, 12-30 a.m.; Stockport (Tiviot Dale), 12-15 a.m.; Woodley, 12-47 a.m.; Marple, 12-58 a.m.; New Mills, 12-49 a.m.; Chapel-en-le-Frith, 12-55 a.m.; arriving at St. Pancras about 7-5 a.m.

Returning from St. Pancras on MONDAY, June 17th, at 11-30 p.m., and Kentish Town at 11-35 p.m.

Children under three years of age, free; above three and under twelve, half fares. The tickets are not transferable, and will be available for returning by this train only. Luggage must be conveyed under the passengers' own care, as the Company will not be responsible.

Ten minutes will be allowed at Leicester Station for refreshments both in going and returning.

Tickets and bills may be obtained at Cook's Tourist and Excursion Office, 43, Piccadilly; at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station, Manchester; or at any of the above Stations.

JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.
Derby, May, 1878.

MONEY ADVANCED,

IN SMALL OR LARGE SUMS,
TO RESPECTABLE HOUSEHOLDERS
WITHOUT SURETIES.

No connection with any Loan Office or Agency.

Apply to JAMES DAVIES, Hanover Chambers,
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WHOLESALE AGENTS: John Heywood, W. H. Smith and Sons, and G. Renshaw. LONDON: Abel Heywood and Son, 4, Catherine Street, Strand, W.C.

Great Reduction in Sewing Machines

at JOHN HOLROYD'S, 159 and 161, GREAT JACKSON STREET, HULL. All the leading Machines kept in Stock, and may be had for CASH or on EASY TERMS from 2/6 per week. Instruction Free.